

The Litchfield Enquirer.

Devoted to Local and General Intelligence, and the Interests of Litchfield County.

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LITCHFIELD, THURSDAY, APRIL 8, 1858.

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The Litchfield Enquirer
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LITCHFIELD, CONN.

TERMS.
Subscription Per Annum.
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subscribers—in advance.....\$1 00
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mail subscribers, in bundles.....1 25
Or, if paid strictly in advance.....1 00
Postage Free within this County.

Advertising.
Fourteen lines or less—1, 2 or 3 weeks.....\$1 00
Six continuance thereafter, per week.....20
Probate and other legal notices at the usual rates.
Yearly and other regular advertisers charged ac-
cording to space occupied.
Transient Advertisements must be accompanied with
the money to secure insertion.

BUSINESS CARDS.
E. CROSSMAN,
SUCCESSOR TO C. M. HOOKER,
Dentist
Office in South street, over the Post-Office.
All operations on the Teeth carefully performed,
and warranted to give entire satisfaction.

I have endeavored to satisfy myself as to the skill
of Mr. Edward Crossman as a dental practitioner,
and think I can safely recommend him to the citi-
zens of Litchfield County as one who merits their
confidence and patronage. C. M. HOOKER.
Hartford, Conn., August 10, 1857.

Dr. E. W. Blake,
WHO has for a period of ten years, been a Resi-
dent DENTIST of Litchfield, thanks his
friends for past favors, and will endeavor to merit
a continuance of their friendship and patronage.
October 8, 1856. 15-24

E. W. SEYMOUR, Attorney and Counsellor
at Law, Litchfield, Conn.

HENRY S. SANFORD, Attorney and Coun-
sellor at Law, Notary Public and Commissioner
for New York. Office at New Milford, Conn.

GEORGE A. HICKOX, Attorney at Law,
Office in Seymour's Building, South street,
Litchfield, Conn.

HOLISTER & BEHMAN, Attorneys and Coun-
sellors at Law. Frederick D. Beaman, Com-
missioner of Deeds for the State of New York. Office
in Seymour's Building, South street, Litchfield, Conn.

CROSSMAN'S Shaving, Hair-Cutting and Wig-
Making Rooms—under the Mansion House,
Litchfield.

ROBERT M. TREAT, Manufacturer of corn-
shellers, churns, safety tug irons, &c., South
Farm, Conn.

Saddle and Harness Making.
THE subscriber continues to manufacture and
keep on hand everything in his line of business
—and he would invite the attention of the public
to his establishment, believing that he can supply
Harness, Saddles, Bridles, Collars, Whips, &c. of as
good quality and at as cheap rates as can be found
elsewhere. Jobbing and repairing promptly and
easily executed.

The subscriber has removed to the loft over the
new grocery store of William H. Wheeler, East
street, where he continues to manufacture.
FRED'K BROWN.
Litchfield June 1, 1857.

**Blacksmithing and Wagon Re-
pairing.**

MR. H. B. GIBBUD, HAVING MADE AR-
rangements which will enable him to attend
to all work in the above line, would respectfully
inform the citizens of Litchfield and vicinity, that
he can be found at the building known as "Hogers'
Blacksmith Shop" in Spencer street, with every fa-
cility for a quick and thorough execution of jobs.
His long experience as a workman, his trust, will
enable him to give entire satisfaction to those who
may favor him with their patronage.
Litchfield, April 21, 1857. 52-1

Notice.

THANKFUL for past favors, Mr. CHRISTIAN
REINHART would respectfully inform his nu-
merous friends and patrons that he has received a
supply of GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES, which
he has carefully repaired and put in the best run-
ning order, and will warrant them for one year.
These Watches will be sold for less than their usual
prices. In regard to Mr. R.'s ability for REPAIR-
ING WATCHES, he cannot be excelled, having
been a manufacturer of Watches for several years.
Before coming to America, he availed himself of
numerous advantages, to become thoroughly ac-
quainted with the mechanism of the Watch Manu-
facture. It has been more than sixteen years since
Mr. R. has been following the Business; and since
he has been in America, he has established for him-
self an excellent reputation. All Watches which
Mr. R. repairs, are warranted for one year.
Office at Baldwin's Book Store, South Street,
Litchfield, Conn.
Watches can be sent safely by the New Mil-
ford, Kent, or West Cornwall Mail Contractors.
June 28, 1857. 41-14

R. MERRIMAN,
HAS just returned from New York with an as-
sortment of
WATCHES AND JEWELRY.

Spectacles, from 25 cents to \$10 the pair.—Plated
Butter-Knives, Spoons, Forks, Sewing-Machines,
Napkin Rings, Violinello Strings, Violin Strings,
Bedgins, Sewing Tail-Boards and Rods, Violin Bows
and Tuning Forks, and Clarinet Reeds, and var-
ious Articles too numerous to mention, at the low-
est prices.
Litchfield, May 18, 1857. 41-4

Plaster and Coal.
THE subscriber has just received a cargo of the
blue kind of Plaster. Also, a cargo of the best
Spring Mountain Coal. All those in want of Coal
can have it at summer prices by sending in their or-
ders this month.
E. GOULD.
Litchfield East Mth, Nov. 17, 1857.

THE subscriber having bought of H. W.
ADAMS his entire stock of Goods, the business
hereafter will be conducted under the name of
Charles B. Bishop.
We would cordially invite all old patrons of the
store, and all others who may be in want of any ar-
ticles usually kept in a country store to call and ex-
amine our stock before purchasing elsewhere.
We shall endeavor to keep as good an assortment
of Dry Goods, Groceries and Provisions, Hardware
and Cutlery, Crockery, Boots and Shoes, &c., &c.,
as can be found in the country, which we shall al-
ways be happy to show, and hope by attention to
the wants of our customers to merit the confidence
and patronage of all.
Respectfully,
CHARLES B. BISHOP.

Be Watchful.

Nothing in this world is dumb,
Or silent, if we do but come
The very inmost truth and ear,
And listen with awakened ear.

Nothing is inconsequent,
If the eye is really bent
The deeper mysteries to read,
Of Nature's universal creed.

Wisdom may we often learn
From smallest things—a waving fern,
Growing in a shady place
May be a minister of grace.

Litanies the harebells be!
Wind-flowers blooming wild and free,
May a serious lesson teach:
Sermons may the daisies preach.

Under cloistered arches green,
With the wind to chant between;
And the violets low and dim
Have the sweetness of a hymn.

There is not a place so bare,
But some beauty lingers there;
Not a spot so low and cold,
But has its dwellers manifold.

Everywhere the heart awakes,
Finds the pleasure it can make—
Everywhere the light and shade
By the gaze of the eye is made.

In ourselves the sunshine dwells,
From ourselves the music swells;
By ourselves our life is fed
With sweet or bitter daily bread.

ELIZABETH W. TOWNSEND.

Nearer Home.

One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er—
I'm nearer my home to-day
Than I've ever been before:

Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions lie;
Nearer the great white throne;
Nearer the Jasper sea;

Nearer that bound of life
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving my cross;
Nearer wearing my crown.

EXECUTION OF ORSINI.

The steamer which arrived Tuesday March 30th,
brings us the conclusion of the sad story of the at-
tempt on the life of the Emperor Napoleon—the
execution by the guillotine of Orsini, and one of his
confederates. The sentence of the other, De Rudio,
has been commuted to penal servitude for life, and
it is understood that his testimony is to be used in
the trial of one of the conspirators—Bernard—in
London.

The following graphic description is by the cor-
respondent of the London Times. The scene is
frivolous beyond the bounds of tragedy, but it is too
important a part of current history to be omitted
from our columns.

This morning, [March 13th,] the weather
was bitterly cold, and the ground wet from
the snow which had fallen. The sky was cov-
ered with clouds of a slate color, and under
that dismal canopy dark, gray mists, transpa-
rent like funeral crape, were drifting about.
The streets in the more distant parts of the
city were deserted, but as you neared the
quarter contiguous to the prison, detached
squadrons of Sergeants de Ville might be seen
moving toward the same direction, the occasional
flash of bayonets in the gas light was discern-
ible, and nearer still the vague mass without
form or outline, and heaving to and fro, showed
that the awful moment was approaching.
Now and then a butcher's or a market gar-
den's cart, with its red lamp in front, rolled
heavily along, and with difficulty made its way
through the crowd. Many of the spectators
had brought their breakfasts with them; they
had their loaves under their arms, their pipes
in their mouths. Some men were grave and
serious, and spoke in a low tone of voice;
others jested and laughed, and many observed
that the prisoners well deserved their fate.
About 15 paces from the gate of the prison,
the scaffold was erected, and on it rose the in-
strument of death, the name of which recalls
so many terrible associations. There it stood
on its platform like a ladder, without steps,
the block with the hole for the head to enter,
at the lower end; at the upper the heavy
knife of triangular shape, with its edge like a
razor's; hard by it the shell for the body af-
ter decapitation, and in front the basket for
the head; the cord by which the blade is kept
suspended, the framework painted a dull red,
just discerned in the dismal glimmering of a
Winter's morning, all presented a most hide-
ous spectacle.

At five o'clock the sound of bugles and
drums was heard in all the passages issuing on
place de la Roquette. In a few minutes sev-
eral squadrons of cavalry were heard advanc-
ing, the men wrapped in their blue and white
cloaks, and the Dragons' helmets gleaming in
the lamp-light. The whole of the 3d Hussars,
two squadrons of heavy horse, two squadrons
of mounted Gendarmes, issued from the side
streets on the square. They then wheeled
round, and separating into several detach-
ments, swept the Place and the streets close
to it, and quietly but firmly compelled the mul-
titude to fall back on the north side of the
Rue St. Maur, and the south of the Rue Po-
pincourt and Basfroid, where they were kept
at a respectful distance by two battalions of
infantry, supported by divers sections of cav-
alry and squads of Sergeants de Ville. The
place of execution was occupied by cavalry, as
well as the space which runs round both pris-
ons. In less than half an hour numerous de-
tachments of infantry, preceded by squads of
Sergeants de Ville to clear the way, took pos-
session of all the points of the Faubourg St.
Antoine, issuing on the Roquette, and where-
ever changed to pass in that direction was ob-
liged to show satisfactorily that he was going
on his lawful occupation. The armed force
called into requisition on this occasion was cal-
culated at over 5,000 men; they were under
the immediate command of a General of Brig-
ade.

Precisely at 6 o'clock Orsini and Pierri

were awake from their sleep by the governor
of the prison, who announced that their last
hour was come. The Abbe Hugon, chaplain
of the Roquette and the chaplain of the Con-
ciergerie, were present. I do not profess to
give particulars of what passed within the
walls of the cell, but I may observe that the
wretched men appeared calm when the news,
which could not have taken them by surprise,
was announced to them. I am assured that
they heard mass and received the communion
with respect, if not devotion. Soon after they
were taken to the room called *la toilette*, for
the change of dress. It is not large. On the
present occasion, it contained, besides the
chaplains and the governor of the prison,
about 30 persons, the principal among whom
were the greffier, or clerk, representing the
Court of Assize and the huissier, or usher,
who was charged with reading the sentence on
the scaffold. The remainder were apparently
prisoners—some from Rouen, the other from
Caen—beside him of Paris. These lost no
time in preparing the convicts for the scaffold.
During the dreadful operation, Orsini remain-
ed calm, and though he was not so loud and
contradictory as during his trial, Pierri was
somewhat excited. The strait-waistcoat in-
terfered with his gesticulations, but he hardly
ceased talking for a moment. When the exe-
cutioner was pinning him, he asked that the
fastenings should not be drawn too tight, as
he had no intention of escaping. The cold
touch of the steel on his neck, when the scis-
sors cut off his hair so as not to interfere with
the guillotine, for an instant appeared to thrill
through him; but he recovered himself when
he found that his beard was left untouched.
He thanked the executioner for letting him die
with his face as became a man. When the
hood, to which the veil which covers the fea-
tures of the parricide is suspended, was put
over his head, he is said to have laughed, and
attempted a joke about the figure he must
cut. At this moment he turned his head and
perceived Orsini; he saluted him gaily, and
asked how he was getting on. He was inter-
rupted by Orsini, who was himself undergoing
the same operation with the same sang froid
as if he were under the hands of a valet dress-
ing for a party, with the words, "Be calm,
be calm, my friend." Pierri's tongue ran on,
however. The assistant proceeded to strip
him of his shoes, for in pursuance of the sen-
tence they were to proceed to the scaffold
barefooted. The man appeared to hesitate,
and Pierri encouraged him to proceed, and as-
sisted him as much as he could, still talking.
The operation being over, and the toilette com-
plete, he turned toward the turnkey and asked
to be allowed to embrace him. This request
was complied with. The moment of moving
now came, and the Abbe Hugon cried out,
"Courage!" "Oh! I am not afraid—I am
not afraid," he said, "we are going to Calvary,"
and in a sort of feverish excitement he re-
peated to himself, "Calvary, Calvary."

Orsini was, on the other hand, as calm and
tranquil as his fellow-convict was excited. He
spoke little; but when the Governor of the
prison and some of the officers approached him
he bade them in a low tone of voice farewell.
The turnkey of his cell announced to him in a
tone of regret that his last moment was come.
Orsini thanked him for his sympathy. His
hair was also cut away from his neck, but he
underwent the operation without flinching. At
the moment when the hood was put on his
head, his face, which up to that moment was
calm and impassible, became flushed for a mo-
ment and his eye lighted up.

The prison clock struck 7; before the last
sound died away the door leading to the scaffold
opened as of itself. The Abbe Hugon en-
tered Pierri to profit by the few moments
still left to collect his thoughts and assume a
calmer attitude. He promised to be calm,
but said he should chant a patriotic hymn;
and it is said he actually began to sing the
well-known "*Mourir pour la Patrie*." Lean-
ing on the Abbe Hugon he mounted fifteen
steps of the scaffold, still repeating the verses
of the song.

Orsini was supported by the chaplain of the
Conciergerie, and his calmness never abandoned
him for a moment. When he appeared on the
platform it could be seen from the movement
of his body and of his head, though covered
with the veil, that he was looking out for the
crowd, and probably intended addressing them.
But they were too far off. The greffier then
directed the usher to read the sentence of the
Court condemning the prisoners to the death of
parricides. The usher, who was an old man,
over 60, was evidently much moved at having
to perform this duty, and he trembled as much
from emotion as from cold as he read the docu-
ment, which no one listened to.

After this formality was terminated Orsini
and Pierri embraced their spiritual attendants,
and pressed their lips on the crucifix offered to
them. They then gave themselves up to the
headman. Pierri was attached to the plank
in an instant. He was executed first. The
moment his veil was raised, and before his
head was laid on the block, it is affirmed that
he cried "*Vive l'Italie—Vive la Republique*!"
Orsini was then taken in hand. His veil
was raised, and his countenance still betrayed
no emotion. Before he was fastened to the
plank he turned in the direction of the distant
crowd, and it is said, cried "*Vive la France*!"
It was but five minutes past 7 o'clock when
the second head fell into the basket. A cold
shudder ran among those whose attention was
fixed upon what was passing on the scaffold,
and for an instant there was deep silence. It
passed off, however, very soon. When all was
over men went to their work, and parties who
had gone together to this spot from distant
quarters of the town hastened home to break-

fast. The morning was becoming clearer every

moment. The troops began to move as if
about to leave the ground. The guillotine
was lowered and taken off the ground; the
crowds gradually thinned; some few groups
still lingered about the spot; but the cold was
bitter, and the snow began to fall, and in a
few hours the place was deserted.

The number of deaths from the attempt for
which these wretched men suffered now
amounts, I am assured, to fourteen.

The following is the testimony of another witness,
evidently a deep sympathizer with the victims and
their cause. It is quoted in a letter to the *Man-
chester Guardian*.

"When the dead, dull sound of the falling
of the knife upon Orsini was heard, it was re-
sponded to by an immense but smothered re-
cry of '*Vive la Republique*.' I cannot prop-
erly describe this; it was like a gigantic mur-
mur; it was not a cry or a shout, but it sound-
ed like the breath or the sigh of thousands of
human lungs. It was well appreciated by the
authorities; for, on the instant, the soldiers
raised the most disorderly clatter imaginable;
struck their horses so as to make them plunge
and kick, shook their arms, and contrived that
the popular whisper should be stifled without
being literally put down. But the words
'*Vive la Republique*,' must have been clearly
audible to every one.

"I purposely went home on foot, threading
my way slowly through the groups wherever I
found them thickest. I am bound to admit
that everywhere I heard expressions of sym-
pathy and admiration for Orsini, whose crime
seems utterly forgotten, while only the effect
produced by his courage and generosity to-
wards his associates remains. Pierri's name I
did not hear once. The attitude of the popu-
lar was, I should say, extremely menacing,
for it has the marks of a hate and thirst for
vengeance sent too deep for words. All the
remarks I heard were made in an under tone,
as though a police spy were dreaded at every
instant."

Beesher in Burtons.

There are few intelligent readers, whatever their
prejudices, who will not admire the following argu-
ment and appeal; we make the extract from Mr.
Beesher's address to the throng of business men
assembled at one of the noonday prayer meetings in
Burton's old Theatre.

Any man who knows enough to love his
children, his father, mother, brother or sister,
has theological knowledge enough to love the
Lord Jesus Christ. Now the question is this:
Do you choose to do it? If we were to put
this question to any one of you. Do you re-
ally choose to love the Lord Jesus Christ? I
suppose every man of you would say, "I do."
But stop, there is a great distinction between
desiring a thing and choosing a thing; a man
may desire without choosing. Do you suppose
there is a man in the world who does not de-
sire to be an honest man? But he does not
choose to be; there are other things which he
desires more than that; he desires money
more than he does honesty; he desires the
means of debauchery and revelry more than he
does honesty. There is not probably a man
given to his cups in the city of New York,
who, if you should ask him, Do you not desire
to become a reformed and temperate man?—I
suppose there is scarcely a man who would not
say Yes. He desires it; but does not choose it;
there are other things he desires most, and
which stand nearest to him.

Take any man who is a poor, ragged vaga-
bond, and ask him, Do you not desire riches,
and by industry, too? Of course, he says he
does. But he does not choose it, and you can-
not make him choose it; he desires to be
rich, but he desires to be lazy much more than
that—therefore he is a vagabond. A man
desires to be a scholar, but he does not choose
it, because he likes his leisure much better than
application. Almost every man desires some-
thing which he does not choose. We are full
of desires, but we only choose those things
that we are willing to give ourselves for.
We go forward by the proper instrumentalities and
take it, and that man who is willing to destroy
everything that stands in the way of the ob-
ject he desires, that man can be said to have
chosen it.

Now, I put the question to you, do you de-
sire the love of Christ? Do you desire it more
than your business, more than your pleasures,
more than ambition, more than selfish indulg-
ences, so that you are willing to say before God,
I desire it more than all the things in the
world? Do you choose it so? If you do, I
know not why you should not take it at once.
You are competent to choose your business;
you do not need to ask any lawyers, doctors or
ministers in order to do that. You are com-
petent to choose out your own course in life;
you are competent to choose your own pleas-
ures, and you never think of asking any other
man to tell you how to secure them. Why do
you not stand upon your own power, or upon
God's power, which will work with your power,
and become a Christian by your own volun-
tion, just as you become a lawyer, a physician,
a merchant, a traveler, a scholar?

Why do you not take three minutes of pow-
er and of choice, by choosing to become a
Christian? Suppose a man should say, "I
desire to make that choice to-day," the things
he ought to put into that choice are these:—
First—I do, in the presence of Almighty God,
with all my soul determine, God is my witness
I do determine that I will make His wish,
through the love of Him, the supreme law
of my life within and without. I will do that.
Secondly—I do here, in the presence of God,
solemnly determine, and record my determina-
tion, that in all my conduct with my fellow-
men, I will be governed by the revealed wish
and law of God. I take this to be the deter-
mination: "I serve God and love my fellow-
men, and in obedience to God will make that
rule the law of my life." Now, how many of

you can take that step? Look at it all

around and decide. Who can say, not that
he will not be imperfect in carrying it out, but
who can say, "that is to be my ideal of life,
that is to be my model, after which I am this
day and henceforth to strive." Is there a man
who can take that step? But, you say, "a
man may take that step, and may become by
mere choice a Christian in that way, but there
is no love springs up—there is no grace in his
heart or soul, and how is he to have that peace,
that joy, that rest, that we hear Christians
tell about? In other words, how has a man
in his soul that sense that his power is not in
himself but of Christ?"

If you can tell me how a man on the deck
of his ship steers along his course aright by
the north star, and how he is to know how to
direct his course without other compass; sup-
pose he is told to look at the star and steer by
that and should say, "by looking at it how
can I know when I am steering by it?" he
would be told to keep the star straight before
him on his course, and look at it; and the
way to look at it is to hold up your head and
look. I know of no other way than to say
"behold the Lamb of God!" See what
term Christ offers; he says substantially this;
wherever any man desires to love Christ, the
sympathy of Christ, help from Christ shall be
his; and God declares substantially, that he
reigns to give that help. Jesus Christ sits on
the throne of the universe for the very purpose
of giving sympathy and effectually to help ev-
ery man who says, "Lord, I am needy, Lord
I am distressed and out of my course and I
come to Thee for sympathy and assistance;"
and how he does look to Christ to save him if
he chooses him in this way. Upon that
ground we are to look to Christ; we have the
power to choose him, and if we do we shall
feel that mighty love, that conscious sympathy
and presence, that touching of God upon the
heart of every man that gives him vital power,
and that gives him peace and joy. If you
doubt, come unto Christ and you shall know
whether it does not make you blessed. This
willingness on your part, this faith in Christ,
is the element that shall bring you in the right
direction, to a consciousness of peace in Jesus
Christ. But the great trouble is I think you
don't wish to be Christians so much as you
wish not to be.

One of the most memorable things that
took place last Winter was the opening of a
place as an eating-house, free to the hungry, in
one of the streets of this city, by some man who
ought to be called an eccentric man in New
York, where men spend their money for so
many other things than that. But he con-
cluded he had no better way for his money to go
than to feed the hungry and the poor; so he
opened a room and made this declaration:
"If any were hungry, here 'was food for
them; let them come and eat." Now, there
was no trouble about it, the man who was in
the ditch, and so low that he knew he was a
miserable, degraded creature, he would scur-
dle up quickly when he heard of this place,
run to it and betake himself to the food with
indecent haste. And the man who had been
dogging around from one expedient to another,
till now he was nearly famished and did not
know where to go to keep from starvation; he
hears that here there was great, beautiful
rounds of beef and glorious loaves of bread,
with any quantity of provision, and away he
runs, right down there to see if it was really
so; he would not talk much, or preach much,
but he would practice a great deal; for, let
me tell you that your hungry men care very lit-
tle for the theory of such things—they must
eat to live.

But here comes a man who has been more
respectable; he has lived in genteel society
and given dinner parties, positively; the
times have been rather hard upon him just
now, but he expects that the Spring will set
him up all right again; he has been home
with every body that asked him to eat, has
been to every body's house but his own, for
there was nothing to eat there; he has bor-
rowed all the money he could, but now no one
asks him to dine, and he can borrow no more.
He has gone to bed hungry at night, and oh!
what dreams he has had out of that gnawing
stomach; he wakes up in the morning, and
says to himself, "I wonder where I can get
any breakfast?" He thinks to be sure of
that dining-saloon just opened, where there
is plenty of food to be had for nothing; but he
says, "I cannot go down there, I cannot hum-
ble myself to that; I, who have been able,
and in the habit of giving charity, to go down
there and get my food, and become a beggar?
I can't do that!" So he wanders about till
noon, and though the hunger gnaws at his
stomach, and he feels faint and weary, he can't
go in yet, so he wanders on till about sun-
down.

But at sundown he says to himself—and let
me tell you that hunger is an excellent logi-
cian—"After all, I am not acting foolishly?
I am not acting foolishly? I am so weak I
can hardly stand, and it does seem to me, I
can't sleep to-night for the gnawings of
hunger. Oh, how I want this food; I think
I will just go down the street." So away he
goes, like a great many men who have come in
here to-day, saying that they just came in to
see what was going on, but they know that
down deep in their own hearts there is some-
thing else besides curiosity which they cannot
resist. Well, away he goes down the street
and looks in to see who is there; then he looks
in to see if any body is looking at him, or if
any body knows him; then he goes away and
walks up the square, but he is reminded that
he had better come back again. This time he
walks right by the door and looks in askance
to see if anybody is there, he hears the cheer-
ful noise of the knives and forks, smells the
wholesome food, hears the laughter of joyful
men, hungry men doing work for hunger. Now
suppose as he stands there he should see among
those going down the butcher and baker load-

ed with great piles of meat and bread, and

should stop them to say: "I am almost dead
with hunger, I have been invited here to take
something to eat, but before I go down I
should like to know the precise process by
which flour is converted into bread;" just as
I have heard many poor sinners under con-
viction come to me to want me to explain to
them the doctrines of justification, sovereignty,
atonement, and this, that, and the other,
when they were dying to go to Jesus Christ
and be blessed with his love. So this man
stops the baker to ask him how bread is made,
but the butcher and baker step in with their
loads.

He listens again to the cheerful music of
the rattling dishes, and there is no such music
to a hungry man's ear, and he says, "I can't
go in yet; I am not satisfied as to the way
these things are made." So he walks away,
but hunger gives him another turn, and back
he goes and looks in again, and says, "If it
wasn't for —, if it wasn't for —," then he
looks up the street to see if anybody is look-
ing at him, and says, "I will just go down
the step." He steps down, and the attraction
is so great that he goes in; nobody seems to
know him, nobody seems surprised; he re-
aches out his hand and takes hold of a dry crust,
and the tears come into his eyes as he puts it
into his mouth. Oh, how sweet it is! With
that he sits right down and makes a feast, and
as he rises up again, he says to himself, "Oh,
what a fool I was, that I did not come right
down at once." Aren't there just such fools
in this congregation? You go up and down,
back and forth, before Christ's table, when
there is bread that will cause that hunger to
cease for ever, and water drawn from the river
that comes from before God's throne; and
yet you have gone back, thinking what your
wife would say, what your father would say,
what your partner would say, what your gay
companions would say. But you feel the
gnawings of hunger, and as you look at the
spread table, you say, "Oh, how we want to
eat, but we dare not come and take the food."
Oh! it is shame, pride and friends, that keep
you thus back. Oh, if there was only hunger
enough to bring you to the right point, and
having once tasted, you would rise up from
that feast, with the blessed assurance that yet
once again you should sit down at a still no-
bler table, at the marriage supper of the Lamb.

Church in the Wilderness.

It was but five miles from the log cabin to
the village just springing into life on the beau-
tiful Lake of N. P. The appointed place
was a small, unplastered school-house with
wooden benches, in which were assembled a
small company of spectators, and twelve per-
sons, who were this day to form themselves
into a church; and to celebrate the grand
event of a world's redemption in the simple
memorials of the table of the Lord. On this
lovely prairie, but lately imprinted with the
footsteps of the red man and wild beast, here
in this little room are to be laid this day the
foundations of a church of the living God,
and these twelve set apart as his people.

Here is to be the house of many a weary
pilgrim who shall come from the east, and the
west, from the north and the south; and here,
the birth-place of many a "son and daughter
of the Lord Almighty."

Here, too, the place where the Holy Spirit
shall descend to visit His people, and bring in
all who are willing in the day of His power.
The services are commenced; the prayer of
consecration offered, and the articles of our
precious faith one by one accepted.

Then follows the covenant—between the
Eternal, Immortal, and Invisible, and finite,
eternal men! and what of all earth's pagans
can compare in grandeur and sublimity to this?

The eternal and the mortal, the pure and
holy with the sinful and condemned, coming
together by mutual bonds, for all time! all
eternity!

No wonder that the voice of the pastor
trembled as he proceeded in the solemn utter-
ance, and the unimpassioned tones were scarce-
ly audible, while the divine glory seemed fill-
ing the little room! Here, too, we bring the
baptismal font; a lovely babe receives upon
its forehead the seal of Father, Son, and Holy
Ghost.

And now the napkin is lifted, and on the
pale board, and in vessels of earthenware, we
behold the emblems of redeeming love! and
in our crowded, cushioned, eastern trum-
ples, do we remember a more tender, absorb-
ing and grateful exhibition? What soft and
silent breathings fill the atmosphere of this
little Bethel. God speaks with man! and man
with God!

More than half a century have we sat in
our cherished churches at home, but it was
worth leaving them, for the rough wilderness,
with such a day as this, for such an honor as
to be permitted to assist in laying the corner-
stone of this invisible temple which shall stand
upon the shore of this mighty river when the
beautiful structures now rising around us, shall
be in ruins. And all along the banks of the
Mississippi are witnessed scenes like this, and at
every point the ste